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page 533, he gives us a similar story of the Princess Margaret of Bavaria, whose face grew so bright, when one Rader was giving her the communion, that he was seized with fear, and could not find the host which he was about to give her. Believing that it had fallen from his hands in his fright, he made a scrupulous search for it. But it had flown into Margaret's mouth simultaneously with the wonderful light which appeared in her face. This attraction sometimes operates from a great distance, of which he proceeds to give several examples. The chapter is appropriately headed, "The Magnet of Souls." *Nicholas de Flue*, he tells us in p. 521, after he had embraced the solitary life, lived only on the holy eucharist; St. Angela of Foligno (p. 525) did so for 12 years; and the aforesaid Norfolk maiden, *Jane the Meatless*, 15 years!

Is it possible to help smiling at the following account of Mary of Oignies, p. 529—"She often saw at the elevation our Lord under the form of an infant, sometimes under the form of a lamb or dove. At Christmas she saw him as an infant on his mother's lap, and at Candlemas in the arms of Simon. One Candlemas He lighted her candle for her when it had gone out," &c.

The volume is full of similar stories, which I confess appear to me to border closely on the profane; and yet this volume has been lauded by all the Roman Catholic periodicals as a work of singular merit and piety.

Yours,

SCAUTATOR.

#### DOES ST. PETER TEACH PROTESTANT DOCTRINE?

MR. EDITOR.—While I was at work yesterday, one of the boys passed by, and says he, "Did you hear the news?" "No," says I, "what is it?" "Why," says he, "it's all through the country that Father John went to Jerry, and made him give up his Bible; and if that's true, I'm thinking we'll have to give up Bible reading and discussion for the future." Well, sir, I was longing for the work to be over that I might hear all about it; so when the dark came on I slipped over to Jerry's, and the first thing I seen when I entered the house was himself, sitting at the fire, with the Douay Bible in his hand. "Why, then, how on earth did you get back the Bible?" says I. "I never parted with it," says he. "Didn't Father John come and take it away?" says I. "He came, sure enough," says he; "but he didn't take it away." "How was that?" says I. "Why," says he, "last week the priest rode up to the door, and says he, 'Are you within, Jerry Donovan?' 'I am, your reverence,' says I, and out I came to him. 'Jerry,' says he, 'I'm going through the parish gathering up the Bibles that the jumpers have been giving out to the people; for they're destroying you entirely, and setting you up against your clergy, and putting all sorts of bad notions into your heads; so,' says he, 'give it here to me at once.' 'The Bible never put bad notions into any one's head,' says I; 'and, moreover, I'll prove to your reverence.' 'Stop your jaw,' says he, 'I'm not come here to argue with the likes of you; but tell me, in one word, will you give up the Bible?' 'In one word, then,' says I, 'I won't give it up.' Well, with that, he got as red in the gills as a turkey cock, and closed up to me on the horse, and made as if he was going to lay the whip across my back; but I just laid my hand on the fial that was lying near, and looked him straight in the face; so, with that, he stopped, and says he, 'You unfortunate reprobate, is it going to strike your clergy you are?' 'I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to lay a finger on your reverence; but so sure as you strike me I'll let you see that two can play at that game.' Well, he gave me a look as if he'd eat me with a grain of salt, and, says he, 'Wait till Sunday and I'll pay you off for this. I'll curse yourself, and your wife, and child; I'll curse the bones of your father and mother; I'll curse all belonging to you, and every one amongst you that don't give up those books of the Devil.' 'If you do,' says I, 'you'll be sorry for it.' 'Why so?' says he, 'Because,' says I, 'there's many of us that's reading the Bible, and we don't want to leave our religion at all, but only to examine it by the Word of God; but so sure as you curse us we'll go over to the Protestants.' Well, he seemed to cool down greatly at that, and he rode away, very quiet in himself. "And," says I, "did he curse you the next Sunday?" "Never a curse," says Jerry, "nor a word about it, good or bad." "Well," says I, "I'm surprised that you had the courage to face him; and I'm more surprised again that he didn't pay you off for daring to oppose him: sure he gave Jack Brennan a horse-whipping, and made him do penance in a white sheet and a big candle in his hand, just because he had a Bible in his house, though the poor fellow gave it up at once." "Well," says Jerry, "twas just because I did face him boldly that he knocked under to me; and if Jack had the courage to face him he would have escaped the flogging and the penance; but," says he, "it's always the greatest voteen that's most trampled on by the priests, if he happens to offend them; and while the fellow that don't care a pin about the priests gets off free, the poor fellow that would kiss the very dust under their feet gets flogged and beaten, just because the priest knows that he's afraid of him; and," says he, "poor Jack Brennan is a proof of this: he fell down on his knees before Father John, and gave up the Bible at once, and what did he gain by

it but a beating and a heavy penance? while there's Andy, and myself, and many more of the boys that wasn't afraid of him, and that faced him boldly, and see how he knocked under to us; and," says he, "if every man in Ireland had courage to face the priest boldly, and refused to give up their Bibles, there isn't a priest in the country would dare curse them or lay a finger on them." "Troth, then," says I, "I don't doubt but you're right, for evermore, it's them that care least for the priest that gets the best quarters out of him; but," says I, "is the Bible troubling you as much as it did?" "It's it that is," says he, "and, more by token, it's the queer part that's troubling me now." "What part is that?" says I. "St. Peter's Epistle," says he. "Well," says I, "whatever other part of it troubled you, I never thought that a good Roman would be troubled by anything St. Peter wrote. I give up St. Paul entirely, for I'm thinking he must have been half a Protestant; but sure St. Peter—that's the head of our Church—wouldn't say anything against us." "So I thought myself," says he; "but the more I read his letters the more I'm beginning to think that there must be some mistake, and that he didn't belong to us at all. Just listen to what he says—'Sanctify the Lord Christ in your hearts, being ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh you a reason of that hope which is in you.'"<sup>a</sup> There's a slap for you," says he; "and myself does be doubting whether our religion can be the religion of St. Peter at all, seeing that our priests will never come forward honestly, and satisfy any one that asks them a reason of the hope that is in them." "Sure enough," says I, "it's a hard cut; and if 'twas a Protestant said it I wouldn't mind it so much, but it's very hard entirely to have St. Peter down upon us and we fighting for him every day, and standing up for him as the head of our religion." "The truth is," says Jerry, "that text bothers me entirely; for if we followed St. Peter's orders we should meet the Protestants fairly and reason with them; but, instead of that, our priests will not come forward, and they order us never to answer a Protestant at all. Didn't Father John tell us the Sunday before last never to enter into argument with a Protestant? and, says he, 'if they speak to you on religion, try to get away from them as soon as you can; but, above all, remember never to answer them.' And now, Dan," says he, "is that like St. Peter? No, 'tis the very opposite to him, and its often I think the Protestant clergy are more like St. Peter than what our priests are; for they are always 'ready to satisfy every one that asketh them a reason of the hope which is in them,' but the priests refuse to give any reason for their religion." "But," says I, "it's the bishops that forbid all discussions." "Troth then," says he, "it's a bad sign of them to be afraid of discussion; and," says he, "the Protestants give them fair play—sure the editor of the CATHOLIC LAYMAN promised to send his paper free to any priest, and to put into the paper whatever he had to say in defence of our religion, and could anything be fairer than that?" "Indeed," says I, "it is a fair offer, and if they don't accept it, I won't know what to say. But, sure, Father John told us that arguments and disputing were entirely against the word of God?" "It's easy seen," says Jerry, "that he knew but few of us had the word of God, or he wouldn't say such a thing as that. Sure any one that has a Bible can read about St. Paul, that when he was at Athens 'he disputed in the synagogue with the Jews,'<sup>b</sup> and when he came to Ephesus he disputed there, and for three months together he continued 'disputing and exhorting,' and he wasn't content with doing it now and then, but 'he disputed daily' in the school of one Tyrannus;<sup>c</sup> and there's St. Peter telling us that we should be 'ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh us a reason of the hope which is in us.' So 'tis plain that the Apostles weren't like our priests, for they disputed openly before the people, and weren't ashamed or afraid to defend their religion; so that we see plainly, in spite of what Father John says, that controversy isn't against the word of God. And even Doctor Milner has to allow this; for he says, 'to religious controversy, when originating in its proper motives, and desire of serving God, and securing our salvation, I cannot declare myself an enemy, without virtually condemning the conduct of Christ himself, who on every occasion arraigned and refuted the errors of the Pharisees.'"<sup>d</sup> And now, Dan," says he, "tell me why are our priests so much against discussion?" "Well," says I, "that's more than I can tell, but I suppose they're afraid that 'twould injure our religion." "You have it at last," says he, "that's the very reason; but doesn't it prove plainly that our religion can't be the religion of St. Peter? for he ordered his people to be always ready to satisfy everyone that questioned them, and he wouldn't have given such an order if it injured his religion." "True for you," says I, "and it looks very like as if his religion wasn't the same as ours." "I think it proves it plainly," says Jerry; "for if he was a Roman Catholic he daren't have written such a verse, and if he was alive now the bishops would be down on him at once, and it's a doubt to me but they'd curse him with bell, book, and candle, or excommunicate him at the least for teaching Protestant doctrine." "Well," says I, "I must allow that St. Peter seems to be in

favour of discussion, and I can't tell for the life of me why our priests are so much afraid of it." "Listen to me," says he, "and I'll tell you what I seen the other day, and 'twill explain it all to you:—Two gosscons were playing pitch and toss, and when one fellow lost, the other chap told him to hand out the copper; so after a deal of rummaging in his pocket (I suppose he had to hunt it into a corner before he could catch it), he pulled it out at last; but the little fellow looked very suspicious at it, and (saving your presence) he spit on it, and rubbed it in the cuff of his old jacket, and still he didn't seem half pleased with it. 'Is it doubting it, you are?' says the big fellow. 'Faix, yes,' says he, 'for I can't see either head or harp on it.' 'Don't doubt it any longer,' says the other, 'for I tell you it's a good penny, and let me see if you'll have the impudence to doubt my word.' 'By no manner of means,' says the little fellow; 'but still 'twill do no harm just to ring it on a stone, and that will prove whether it's good.' 'Why, then, bad luck to your impudence,' says the big fellow; 'how dare you be after doubting my word: by this and by that, I've a good mind to kick you down the street!—and with that he walked away. So the little fellow looked after him very sorrowful, and says he, 'that's poor satisfaction anyhow.' And now, Dan, tell me why the big fellow wouldn't allow the other to try the penny, and prove whether 'twas a good one?" "I suppose," says I, "because he knew that 'twas a rasper." "You have it now," says he, "and it's often a kind of doubt comes across my mind that our religion must be a rasper too, or why would the priests be afraid to let us examine it?—if all was fair and sound, why would they be so much against inquiry, and against discussion, and against the Bible? Sure, yourself knows that if a poor man asks a question about religion it's only the worst of abuse he gets, and I can't help saying with the gosscon, 'that's poor satisfaction anyhow.' So with that he left me.—Your humble servant to command,

DAN CARTHY.

#### FARMING OPERATIONS FOR JANUARY.

**Wheat.**—Where there is a considerable breadth of wheat still unsown we would urge some extra exertion in committing it to the earth without delay; it is still a good time, but will require an additional quantity of seed as the season advances, so as to prevent the plant tillering at a late period, and which tends to produce successive growths and uneven ripening of the crop.

**Bere** may be sown in rich, dry, and early soils, for either a grain or soiling crop.

**Rye** may be sown on cold, backward, or mountain soils, for a grain or soiling crops, provided the soil be dry, or rendered so by thorough draining.

**Vetches.**—By the end of this month vetches may be sown, in warm, rich, and dry soils, if the weather be dry and open.

**Peas** may be sown any time this month, in dry and open weather, without manure, if the land be in tolerable condition; but if otherwise a moderate dressing of manure will improve the crop materially.

**Beans** may be sown by the middle or end of the month, on strong land, if not wet; if the land has not been well manured for a previous crop, it should get a liberal dressing. Although peas and beans may be sown this month, with every chance of success, we would prefer the next month, particularly if the present one should not turn out dry.

**Grass Lands.**—By the end of the month grass land, whether intended for meadow or pasture, should be cleared of stock; all top-dressing finished, well bush-harrowed, and rolled, as soon as the weather proves dry enough. All draining should be completed, and the land laid up, so as to be at full rest and free from trespass.

**Ewes** in lamb require attention. This being the coldest month in the year, dry lying, shelter, and wholesome, nutritious food, are absolutely necessary to keep the flock in health; avoid giving frozen turnips, and in their stead give abundance of hay.

**Fattening Wethers.**—The general management of the fattening wethers, and, indeed, all the stock of sheep, should be like that recommended for breeding ewes; but the fattening stock should be more liberally supplied; avoid giving too much cold, succulent food, instead of which they should have oil-cake or corn. Let such as are fat and ready for sale be disposed of.

**Pigs**, both stores and fattening, should be well and liberally fed, those nearest use for the butcher getting an extra quantity of grain.

**Manure.**—Attend to the accumulation of manure by every possible means; leaving it, as it accumulates, strewn about, exposed to rain and drying winds, causes much waste of this valuable commodity; let it, therefore, be gathered as it is made, and stored in good-sized heaps, well covered and protected by dry earth, bogstuff, or fresh litter, to preserve its most valuable components from being washed out by the rains; remove all road-scrappings, parings of banks, ditches, and the accumulation of rich earth on the headlands, to the compost-heaps, mixing them with fresh lime, sea, or rich pit sand, making them up into pyramidal heaps, to throw off the rain.

<sup>a</sup> 1 Peter iii., 15.<sup>b</sup> Acts xix., 9.<sup>c</sup> Acts xvii., 17.<sup>d</sup> End of Controversy, part I., letter 2.